

Later, after the house is quiet
and I retire to bed with a book,
he pounces upon me,
as if the thing between his legs
were worth a dozen yellow roses.

CHOP SUEY

My idea of a drink
isn't liquor over fruit salad
with an umbrella,
but I sip it anyway
waiting for the waitress to bring
my dinner.

Fuscia and emerald dragon lanterns
are strung around the door leading
to the kitchen,
while an oriental girl
with little or no breasts
leans against it.

When my dinner comes
I try a little pork fried rice
set before me in the colorful bowl,
but I can't take my eyes
off that girl under the lanterns.

Embroidered with satin multicolored threads,
her gaudy blouse and trousers
hang loosely over her narrow frame.
She lines her slanted eyes
over and over again
with black shadow.

The shiny-haired beauty
would rather be wearing
real people's clothes,
but she gives the customers
what they want.

— Nancy Avdoian

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